God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo. Ma. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy (daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all,
I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Hast.*
Buc. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord,
Prin. Welcome my Lord; what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother *Yorke*
Hath taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If shee deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,
And from her iealous armes, plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde intreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne,
Buc. You are too senceless obstinate my Lord,
Too ceremonius and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,
You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:
The benefit whereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place,
This Prince hath neyther claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once?
Come one Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?
Hast. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vncle *Gloucester*, if our brother come,
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then were you please as shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I doe not like the Tower of any place,
Did *Iulius Cæser* build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did my gracious Lord begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record or else reported
Successiuely from age to age, he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But say my Lord it were not registerd,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As t'were retaild to all posterity,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vncle?
Glo. I say without Caracters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That *Iulius Cæser* was a famous man,
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
Ile tell you wha, t my Cousen *Buckingham*.
Buc. What my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man.